



Day Trip Tours of Ancient Siam:

# In the Dreamtimes

# Emil

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## **GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL ARE BACK!**

After all the turmoil of some sick TV, Lawyer drama over last month's issue, all brought down upon us by Emil's stubbornness and some deep sense to bring publicity to what the Chinese "Thought Police" have assembled in the quiet (at least at that time) of a more-or-less sleepy Hong Kong with their massive links of CCTV, very powerful, Face Recognition software and tied into massive banks of super computers. Granted, we never saw the events of recent months coming to be, so, it was clear to most rational minds was that Emil was off-the-wagon and was wearing his tinfoil hat in the secretive safety of his little apartment in Little India. Emil always, for whatever weird twist of fate or the humour of Old Lady Luck, thrust into the vanguard of events and I must admit that his thesis that the









protests were manufactured (instigated) directly by the Chinese Government to do a massive field test of this new, cutting edge technology.

I know that I am starting to sound nearly as crazy as Emil but, I do remember watching Live, unedited satellite feeds of the current wave of demonstrations and there have been many who have expressed concerns about just this specific issue and the rumours that the Chinese Authorities have used this new technology to create a massive database catalog of every person who participated or led a demonstration – which includes addresses and what they were calling “citizenship ratings.”

Tied to this are the troubling rumours in the area media about the Chinese Government wanting to remake Hong Kong into the “Shining Socialist City” on the Bay and that this would involve a rather large depopulation of current residents to be







replaced by more suitable, appreciative cadre of good socialist citizens but more importantly, the mere thought that Emil might have stumbled upon a real, breaking news story is totally terrifying.

Is this really happening?

Only time will prove it one way or the other.

What the hell...Emil was also right about not being able to trust our friends with links to the people's Republic as our Chinese Printing Agreement fell through as soon as it was clear that even we couldn't control Emil's big month.

Go figure!

The world has gone completely mad if Emil has become a reliable news source...

God Help each of us!

## Seine LaGone









“There always must come a moment  
when time no longer matters...

You no long look at it as a straight,  
unbroken line of progression and see it  
for what it really, what it always was...  
Merely suggestions, misunderstandings,  
speed-bumps and hopefully, some  
interesting stories to share as you stand  
on line waiting to see St. Peter...”

- Emil 2019









# AGAINST ALL ODDS!

Some battles can be won and if you have followed my continual Spartacus Moment & Herculean Effort (sorry for ripping you off, Mr. Corey) then, you know that the odds were offering at about 100-to-1 against this (the Hong Kong story) ever being seen in print – this is not a reasonable bet for any regular gambling man of honor, even a crooked Wall Street Wiz would walk away from this one... unless you shorted it.

I know it was going off at about 100-to-1 on the WWWG Office Betting Pool (actually, it is illegal here in Singapore ...food for thought...huh? Chucky?)

I am sure of the rate as kind of, sort of...

I am the one who set the odds for the WWWG Pool before I reported Chucky (WWWG's thug head accountant and resident Emil hater) to the Anti-Gambling Commission...









Did you know that the Anti-Gambling Commission actually does offer a sizable, silent witness reward...guess that I can go get Fish Tacos from the Mexican Food just up the street from me here in Little India when they close that ugly gambling den at WWWG Inc.?

### **ANYWAY!**

This is now in properly in print...a historical testament and to see it being sold at such an unbelievably, unrealistic price...brings me to tears.

Maybe, this is a large part of why I am so dirt poor instead of living the lifestyle of other Crazy Rich Singaporeans!

You would just think that WWWG could of, might have bumped them up at least a buck...still pennies for this humble, starving crusader against the Merchants of the Untruths...but...a penny goes much further over here than it does where you are from...Rum and Cigars are still priced for a poor man to enjoy.









I was thinking...let me run this business opportunity by you...

Here is my plan for each of you to form a multi-level, reading group...modeled after Amway.

Do ya see where I am going with this...dudes...duddettes?

I am thinking that you upscale this dirt cheap price to all your friends and neighbors (at least the ones you don't like that much)...you get a cut, WWWG steals most of it but I will actually get a few more pennies to pay my cable...as you know, hacking cable is a serious crime here in Singapore..

Friends, the truth been know and in the need for transparency is that I can't...like... I really can't afford to be thrown out of yet another country...the list of places I can still legally go...it has become a shorter and shorter list...down to that of an index card - if I am being like totally truthful!









# CAMPERS!

It is on you...buy the book and saving me from a serious caining and maybe deportation...back to Hong Kong???? OK! I heard that...

How much would you actually be willing to pay to see me cained? Was that a serious offer or ya just talking through nose (I cannot say the actual word "butt" in Singapore...we have strict moral laws here).

If you can get a few more readers on board...I am thinking a "pay-per-view" event...LIVE...from Singapore!

Think about it...

It is on your dime!









## NEW BOOK NEAR DONE...

Wow!

So quick?

Did I hear you say?

It is getting close to end of the month and my landlady made it very clear to me, just today, that her two real big nephews - directly out of National Service; (I have met them and they are extremely big...not fat...by anyone's standards in a way that I believe it betrays their actual Manchurian Ancestry...They grow them very big up there...anyway, they are much bigger than me!! ) would be by on rent day...

She was actually excited as she went on to explained in glowing terms while flashing me with that evil smile of that was her signature look (the one she gives you after she tells you that she has just turned off you water, changed the locks and tried to report you for cable theft) as she told me that they will be by early on rent day while









also noting in her passing way of fake indifference that is her stock-n-trade as an evil landlady, seems that they had just bought a great big truck with their National Service Separation Bonus and they were looking to do a little moonlighting as furniture movers... She is very low key in her rent due notices...

*“So... this does, in fact, it does prove my point that true creativity is born out of the chaos of necessity and therefore I am working so hard to get this new book done...before rent day!”*





















**NOTE:** I devoted a blog to our friends in the besieged state of Honk Kong and based upon my youngster years as your normal biker, punk scum (what seems was my official designation according to local authorities) and what all those years had taught me about how to “win a street fight.”

Here are a few of the more important Tipsters that I was happy to pass on to them as they sit hunkered down in their flat...trying to wait out the struggle(s).

## **PREPARING FOR THE COMING FIGHT..."**

### **AN UNORGANIZED STREET FIGHT OR GROUP DEMONSTRATION:**

If you are minding your own business and a nasty street fight breaks out, stranding you in the middle of a bad situation...here is a few free tipsters directly from the









faded memories of an old street fighting man or was it an episode of CNI (back when it was kind of like, legal)

There are several things that you need to know before you jump into the fray of a roaring street battle or even a heavy-duty demonstration...

(I remember from my times in the 1960's)

First thing to do is immediately turn around and run away as fast as you can.

If you can't run away, at least try to duck into a nearby bar- where you can have a few rounds and watch the street fight from the near safety of your bar stool.

If you are stuck without a close by bar or you aren't a drinking person...It is gonna be a Bad Day, Bubba!

Now is the proper time to take off your watch (you still have one?), any and all jewelry, your wallet and anything of value and put it into your front pockets...safest place - this is because most people feel like







a pervert fishing around your front pockets...and if the other person of a different gender...

God Help them!

The "Me too" movement will be on them like a stink...

So, this means that your front pockets, being so close to your private areas...makes it one of the safest places other than at home.

Hold back initially until you determine who is winning the fight and quick express some form of kinship with that group...and help them celebrate afterwards...

### **TIPSTER TWO:**

Please don't wear a dead fish on your head...people will think it is creepy and both sides will turn on you and they will unite in taking turns in beating you, the weirdo with a dead fish on your head...















## **THIS STORY ACTUALLY STARTS BACK IN ABOUT 1940**

Those did seem; indeed, they were much happier days for our crew after missing the last lorry out of the Burning carcass of China's Republican Capitol, being chased out of Nanking by that vindictive, young jap Officer who was still smarting that we had borrowed his samurai sword and transport...That is the very guy who chased us all the way down to the Burma Frontier... and in the time forward before the Japs marched into Siam in 1942 and that literally ruined a lot of people's days.

As I have previously wrote (in detail...Sorry! Seine forced me to add that to encourage you to buy those books...cheap consumer exploitation but, no one asked me!) we had a decent life running Seine and Claudie's series of scams to fleece expats and foreign travelers into commissioning an expedition to the lost jungle cities or to discover







buried treasure that we needed investors to help front the cost of bring the treasure back to the city.

I think after a while that got so good with their storytelling that they started to believe in the treasure(s) themselves. Such was the case that brought about this book and how it branched out to my discovery of what the locals called “The Dreamtimes” and it struck a chord with my childhood dream of being a great explorer.

The story centered around that fact that Seine believed that one of the mythological characters of “The Dreamtimes” was in fact, he was a real person and that he had secreted away a vast treasury of the king from the invaders that overturned the kingdom.

“The richness of his storyline, in the mythology surely means that they drew the fineness of the details in the actual stories from a once living person that







surely lived here, in Greater Siam, before recorded (written) history began.

We join the story as Seine had sent me north, way above the tree line, to seek a meeting with the leading expert in this matter...

So, you are entering this tale at the point of our meeting with the monk abbot of a small rural temple (Wat)...

- Emil













## SEEKING THE KAW PRASAI TREASURE

I was in a little temple, up beyond the northern tree line, having tea with the monk abbot, it was getting long into a hot afternoon and in (that until this day, I dared not tell anyone) that I had just spiked the tea with a good smitten of the last of the good rum from the flask that Minnie had sent me from Paris and that I hide in my jacket...

After several pauses and the abbot asking what made this tea taste so sweet; we got down to the reason that Seine had sent me upcountry seeking and that was to consult the number one and world acclaimed guru master of the truth of “Kaw Prasai” but more importantly, it was to save us a great deal of research at the new American Library in Bangkok (before the war and the Japs changed its name) and if the abbot was the expert then, he must know about the lost treasure associated with Kaw Prasai.







Seems that this Kaw Prasai, there was an original dude and from what the abbot is revealing, in the utmost detail – which is many times being lost on me as I feel the rum starting to kick in.

Luckily, my translator and trusted assistant on this venture, Khun Suttipong was a man of great education, seeming a master of several languages and Seine discovered him sitting in a local dive bar nursing his fifth or was it his six cup of the famous, homemade rice wine while musing over his (just happening) termination from steady employment with a (not to be named) Foreign Agency doing what would seem to be somewhat questionable business while here in Siam.

Anyway, dutifully, Suttipong took complete notes as he recorded the on-going conversation even as it descended downwards due to my secret introduction of the universal ice-breaker, good rum!







Seems that in what the monk abbot referred to as the “Dreamtimes” there was a man that was set on advancing his lot in life and did such by became the servant of a warrior king, for whom he acted in the capacity of counsellor and judge, winning for himself great renowned for his wisdom and strength of character.

“On one occasion, he was credited with engineering a tunnel through a mighty mountain so his royal master might fall unawares upon a powerful enemy, route and smite them before they could arise their army from a peaceful night’s slumber...The tunnel was constructed, and the attack made with complete success...” This is where the story turned all weird and went completely sideways...I must have missed the transition as the monk abbot was now talking of the sixth set of Birth Stories narrating his career (whose? Are we still talking about the guy who built the







the tunnel?) as the Naga king, the monarch of the snake world.

I panickily looked over to Suttipong and he nodded that he got it and that we were still good...

“Have some more tea, everyone.”

From this point on, I sat silently and tried to follow a very complicated tale of semi-gods, demons and was he the hero...this Prasai?

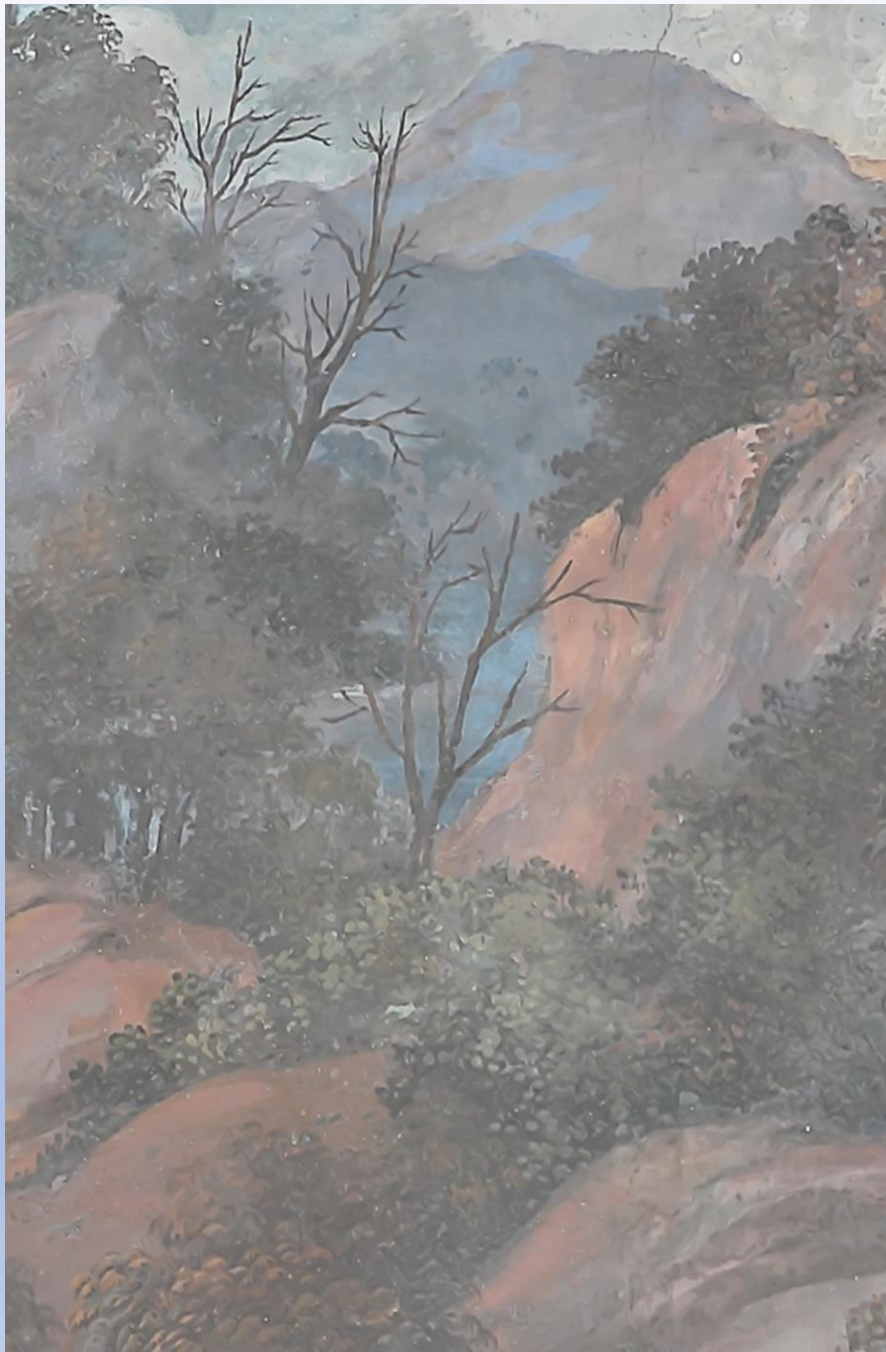
The more I listened the more lost I was becoming and I was sitting motionless, as I was secretly hurling out loud and mean curses at that evil swine, Seine for sending me on this fool's errand.

I just could visually see him leading yet another round of laughter at the bar over my newest misadventure (seems how little seems to change between us other than the dates on the calendar).

Seems there are like seven unofficial biographies, seven weird-ass stories that made my Brother John's wild raving after a







night of drink, they were mild and gentle to what I got as a word here or a phrase there. Seems that this guy had (at least in the version) two chief relatives who were his human brother, and a sister who inhabited the body of a frog (told you so!).

Now, he is no longer a mere man but, a shape-shifter of some sorts as he had changed himself into a cobra, and one day a skillful snake-charmer captured him, and took him about from place to place on exhibition.

He was freed from this humiliating condition by his brother and sister, who ingeniously tricked the wandering showman that he was a handsome prince entrapped in the body of this cobra and only a kiss from a virgin would break the spell (I seem to remember a similar story growing up but, it wasn't with a cobra). Seems that the showman was...how do you polity say, he enjoyed the company of men over women but, seems to have been a







little off since he was taking advise from a girl frog...go figure?

Not sure if he died as, like, he was seriously kissing the world's most deadliest creature, a king cobra snake but, anyway they freed him from a sad live in carney entertainment and he was united with frog girl and his equally strange, human brother (if hanging out with a girl frog and a big cobra snake doesn't make you strange, I don't know what would?)

Now, again, the story segways off to what seems an even more unreasonable, seeming yet another unrelated story...





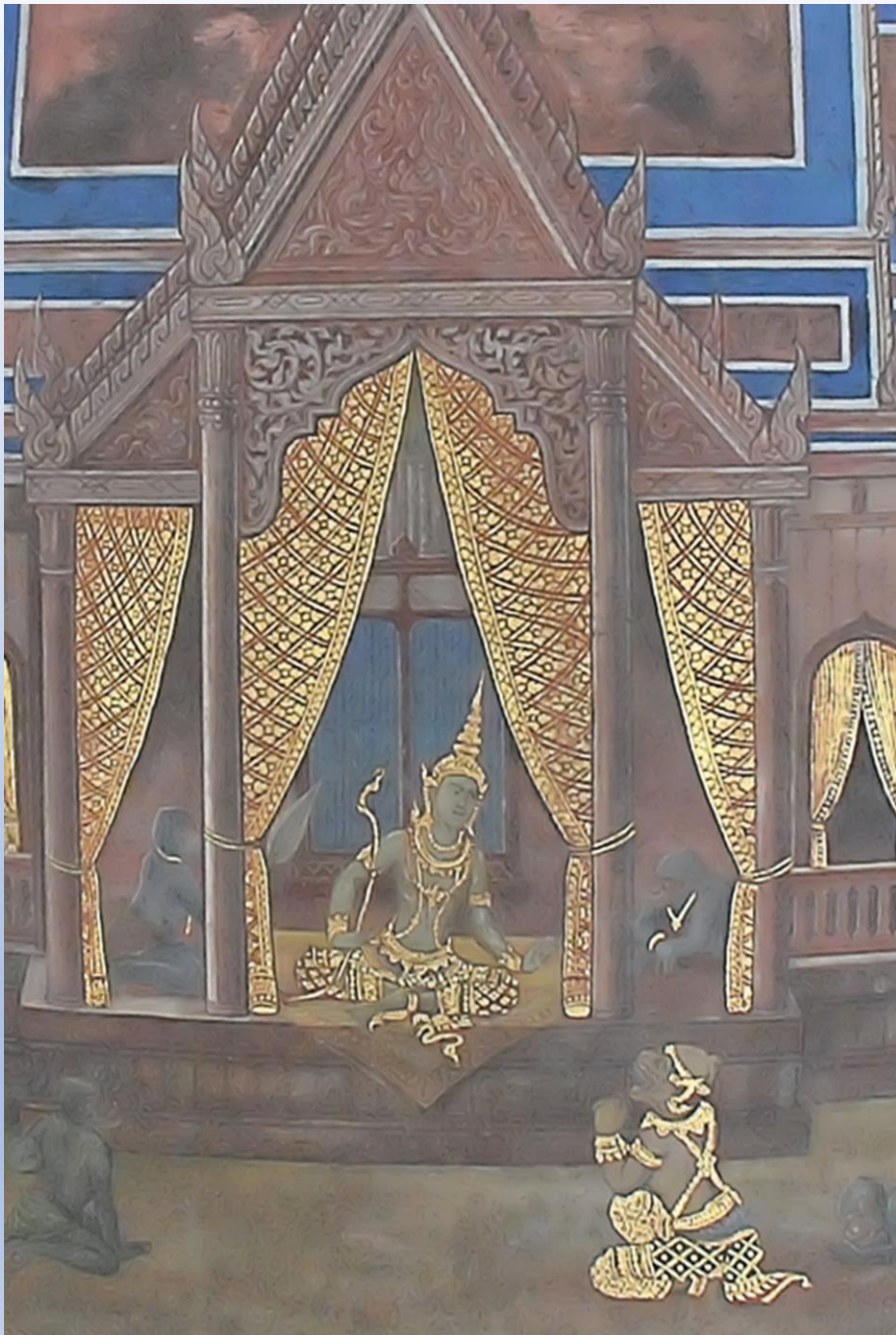












## DAY TWO: MORE THE SAME?

The rest of the day went on much in the same manner until we broke for our dinner meal, as the monks don't eat after their morning meal (maybe one reason they are all fit), the abbot's kind servants prepared a simple but, a filling meal from gathered from the native lands and the surrounding teak forests.

Suttipong spent the entire evening going over his extensive notes of the day and seemed somewhat puzzled by it all.

"What is wrong here?"

"There must be a pattern to these stories?"

Adding to his thought, I speculated he is an old man and if I didn't know better, I would believe that he is as crazy as those stories that he weaved together for us today.

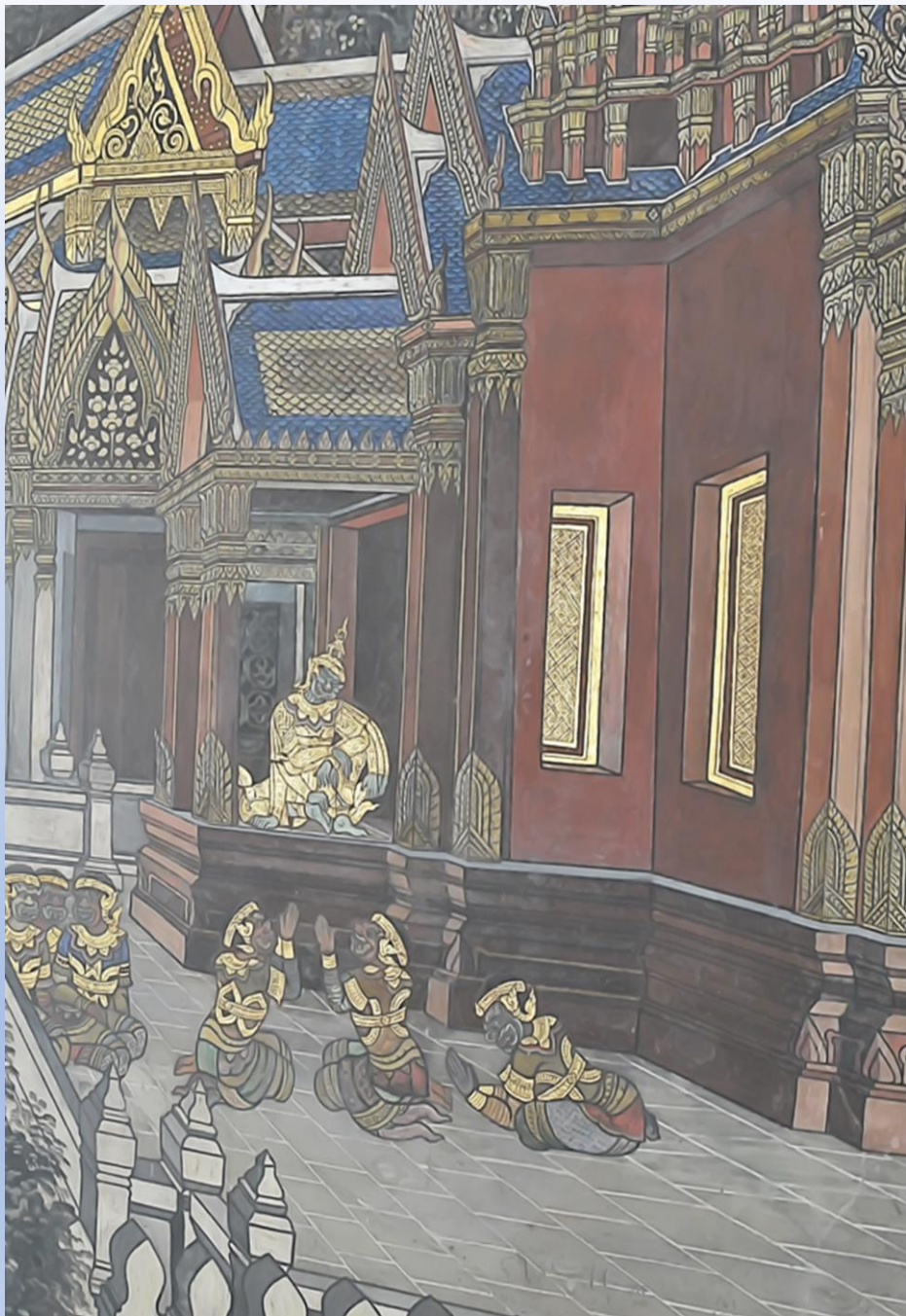
"Weave together?"

Yes, that means that he combined a bunch of different stories together.

"Why?"







Personally, I am inclined to believe that he is testing us and trying to determine how serious we are and as to the real reasons we would be willing to travel to the end-of-the-earth...literally...to get what we could from any grade school book on mythology. "Then he is hiding something, you think?"

Damn right!

He has a secret(s) and is trying to determine why we need to know...not that he is or would ever consider sharing the truth with any of us...especially, if he knew we were after this great, undiscovered treasure...

"What do we do?"

Go back in the morning after prayers and double down...you take better notes and listen more closely for a pattern especially with all of these sudden shift's in the monk's story...

I mean...Cobras, talking frog ladies and somewhere in there is the key to the true man...cut through all the "BS" and there we









will find evidence of the real man that Seine wants us to find.

I am part of a legendary “BS’er” crew and am a well noted con man on my own...not has good as Seine and nowhere the master that Claudie is...He should have come instead of me and we would already have an answer.

Morning broke early at the monastery and the rustling around of the monks preparing to walk by the nearby community to receive the gifts of their breakfast.

I had not slept deeply than evening due to the musky night of hot wind sweeping in from the moist underbrush of the forest and the armies of bugs who seemed delighted in us as a foreign treat and I must have a hundred bites from, I am sure, diseased mosquitoes...

After the completion of our shared breakfast with the monks and having waited until they had completed their morning prayers, we again sat down with







the monk abbot who seemed to pick up right at the point he finished with last evening.

In this new version, the guy had been transported back from being a cobra and he had now become the son of a king, and holding the position of a judge.

The abbot explained that due his severity in putting down bribery and corruption, he incurred the displeasure of the Lord Chief Justice, who resented the loss of his valuable perquisites (sounds like modern times here). As this story lacked talking frog ladies and kissing cobras, it was much easier for me to follow as what he explained seems that it could have been drawn from the morning news.

Was this his trick?

Was this true or had he read this in the news from the capitol?

To this day, I am not sure he wasn't just playing us but, for what reason(s)?







Now back to the story before I lose my place...

Seems that the King wasn't that close to his son but why, is not really explained by the monk abbot but, one night the king had a dream that he been paid a visit by an "angel" a spirit from a heavenly region.

When he woke up, he sent for the chief judge...see, as I said not his son, what is up here? I found myself now interested in the back story here more than in the monk's main tale...was that on purpose?

The king sent for the corrupt head judge and asked him if he could suggest any way of "realizing the journey, as he would very much like to visit those realms at his leisure."

The judge quickly suggested that the king take an extended vacation while strongly hinting that such a trip "might be accomplished if the favor of the deities was first obtained by making them an offering commensurate with his desires."







I was about to tell Suttipong to move on as this must not be the right king but, I stopped and started to listen as he said that the corrupt judge suggested the sacrifice of the prince and all the members of his household.

What?

I guess that is one way to save a few bucks on the vacation but, really, kill the entire royal family?

Then I started connecting the dots and the abbot had told us that his son (the junior) judge had made a career of rooting out corrupt government people (an ancient version of the deep state?)

And since this king wasn't close to his kid and one must assume that he might have thought less of the rest of this demanding, whining and utterly dependent family...it might have been that hard of a sell to the king...

"But the gods told me to do it...and see, the Head Judge agrees!"







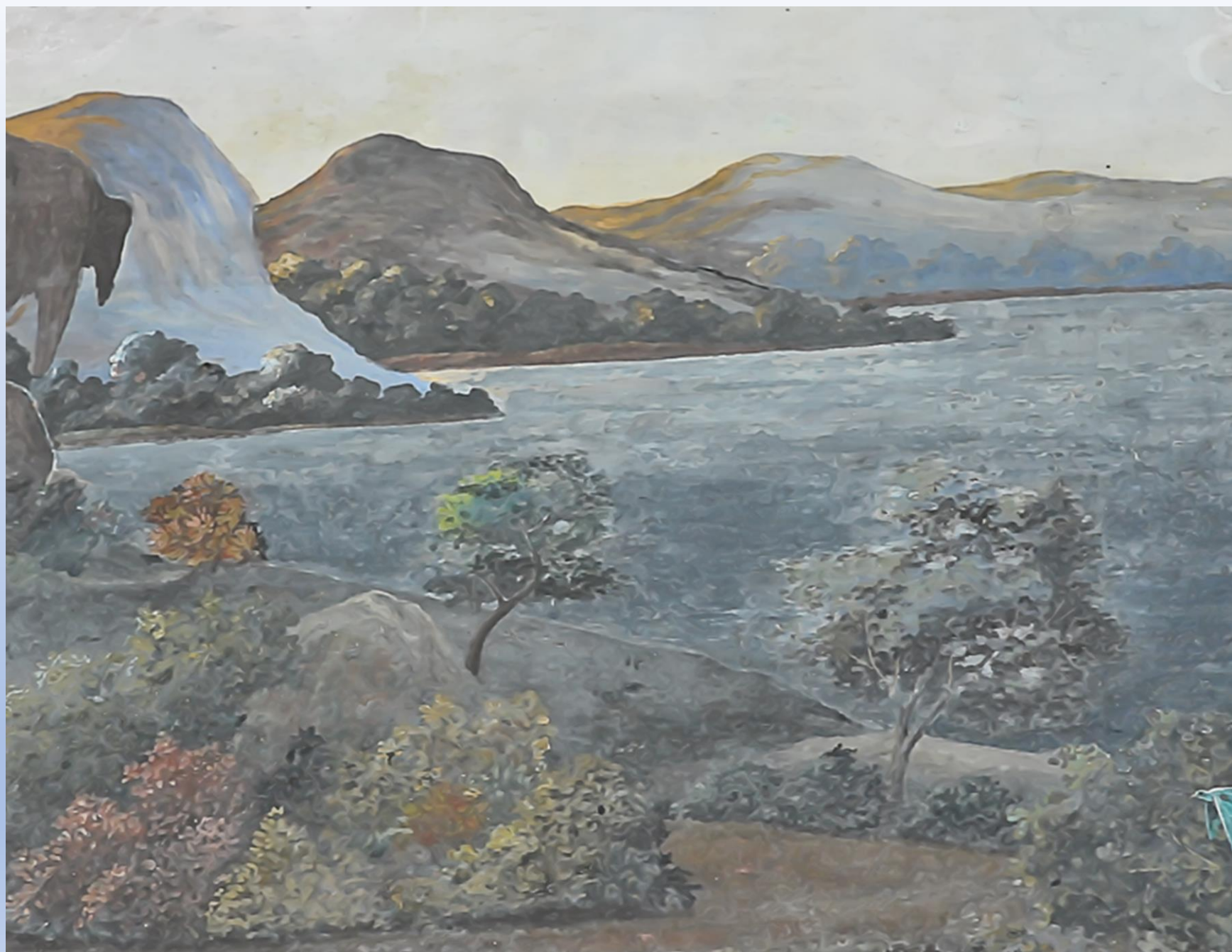
The king accepted the idea, and the sacrifice was planned but, like in real life and modern politics...anything that could go wrong did. But several of the king's more trusted courtiers who had numerous reasons to dislike the head judge not to mention that he had just got the king to kill them, they got the king away from the court and before they could get down to their normal deeds, they told the king that he had been tricked, that the head judge had made a fool of him and almost made him a murderer in the eyes of the gods...not to mention that was commonly known that the king's son was about to have the head judge arrested for leading a corruption gang. The king, furious at being the brunt of the head judge's trick and maybe, fearing that the truth of his agreeing to let the head judge kill his entire family before going on vacation...to save vacation cost...he instantly ordered the death of the 'wicked official.'







There seems to be a bit more to the story that was left out or lost, forgotten to the ages but, it seems that the son of the king (what a real beauty if this is true...) pleaded with the king to spare his enemy and requested a remission of his sentence. The king had then both killed, one for the fear of the truth coming out and the other because, he could not stomach the fact that he had raised such a sissy boy and the mere thought that one day he would be king...was too terrifying for the old man to stand..

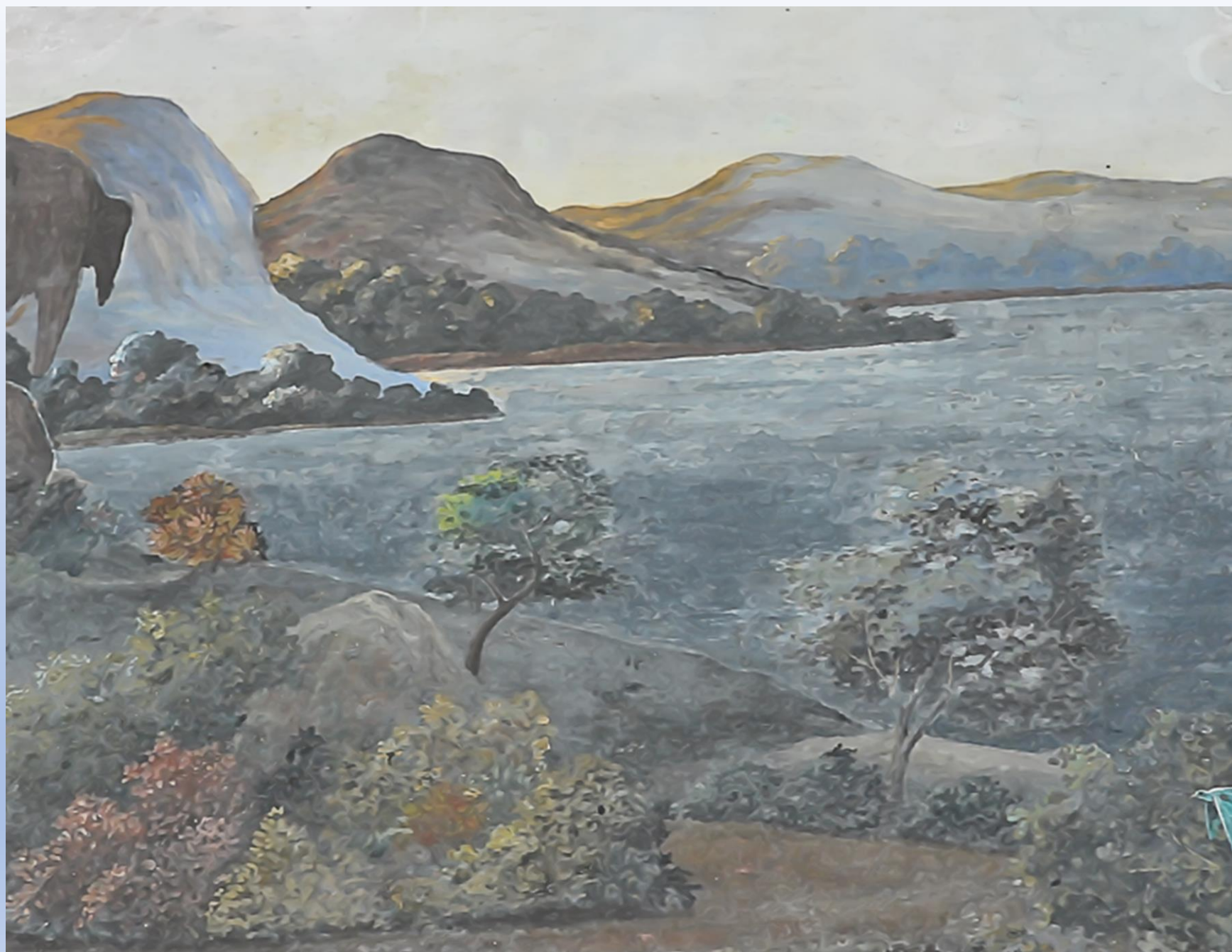




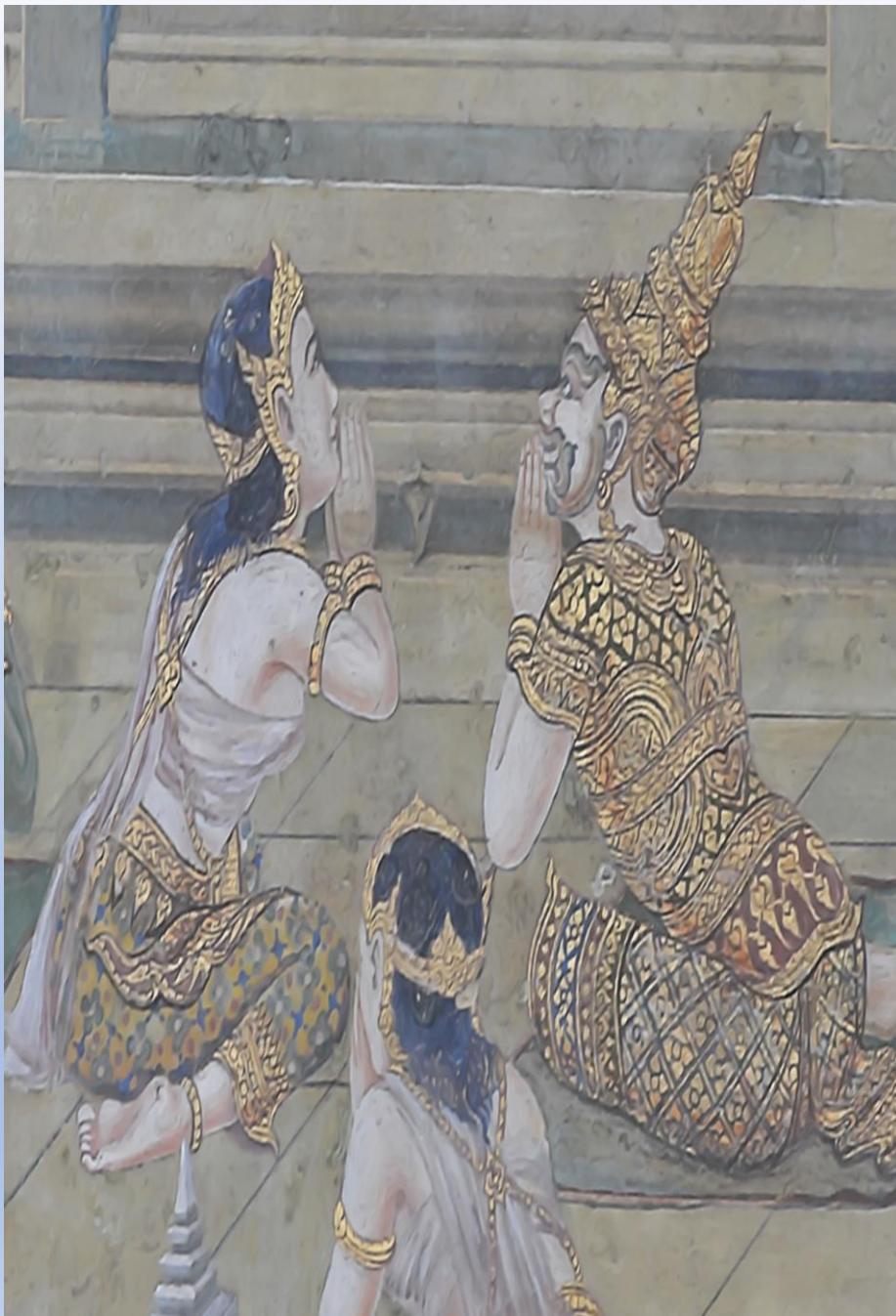


## DAY SIX: TOWARDS NO END...

Over the passing days, we have sat through a range of stories, some completely over the top with talking Sea Serpents which seemed rather strange as we are over 1,000 kilometers from the nearest sea...even Noah's food would not have made it this far up in the north. Yesterday, we had what I reckon to be the eighth story in which he is now a king in his own right or as the Buddhists believe his eight reincarnation; this time he has decided to devote his life entirely to the noble practice of alms-giving (giving away his kingdom's money to the poor, unwashed and the hungry masses – whether citizens of the kingdom or not). So great was his generosity that he quickly went through the national treasury (Definitely, he is not the guy we are looking for...thank you very much!), the kingdom was broke and his efforts to raise taxes upon the populous was unpopular, there







was even an open rebellion by those who had come to only get his alms.

They didn't believe that all the money was gone, they protested that he was lying and then they rebelled against the king in what turned into a great civil war that quickly tore through the countryside like a raging forest fire of death and destruction.

The king now but a beggared himself, was forced by the people to go off, become a hermit which seemed fitting to the people of the kingdom but not so for the alms takers, having nothing left to distribute to those who sought to further profit by his benevolence, they conceived the idea of selling his body away in pieces to pay them the alms that felt that they had been cheated out of.

But the Devas (the gods), wishing to save him from the results of such a noble deed, brought him presents of nuggets of gold with which to satisfy the demands of those who daily asked him for alms.









This story was so full of holes and broken plot lines that I would have needed more rum to buy into the idea that any kingdom...any nation, would go bankrupt by giving all their money away...to just anyone...from everywhere...

Against, the day was neither entertaining nor enlightening other than we were being delayed, stonewalled or just being played by this most cunning, cleaver sage, the abbot monk.

None of these stories, not without deeper research by educated scholars would be able to even attempt to explain how they were related little-a-lone, lead us to any treasure...if it ever existed – which I doubt based upon how badly this person had managed his own or in the case of this story, the nation's.

After the night prayers, Suttipong and both agreed that this venture was lost and we were, at this point, we were just keeping this old monk company...







“Tomorrow we should end this?”

Yes!

We need to go home and beat Seine within an inch of his scamming life for playing such a joke on us!

“Tomorrow...it is.”

Good Night!













## **DAY SEVEN: AND THE TRUTH SHALL SEY YOU FREE**

Just as the monk abbot started his morning lecture of the ninth story and something about this guy now hooking up with the Queen of the Nagas...

(actually, nothing much racy or the least bit lude here...just another story going nowhere)

He stopped in a sudden mid-sentence while taking a deep look into each of our eyes and bluntly asked us...

“Why did you come here?”

“What do you seek to find?”

“If you like the many before have come seeking knowledge of the treasure, let me put you at rest...there is no treasure...never was!”

What?

I am sorry but, what treasure?







“You did not come and expected me to tell you where you might find this treasure, did you?”

Wait, you said that there wasn't a treasure, so how could we expect you to tell us where it is?

“My son...this story is old, much older than your father's father...much further back to the Dreamtimes – when the gods lived here on earth with us...that, my son, that was the treasure if there was one.”

I am sorry but, what are we talking about...what treasure?

“You my son are clever, more so than most that I have seen over the years and it is for this reason that I shall speak the truth to you...”

I appreciate this but, this is not my reason(s) for this journey...I come seeking knowledge...

“Have you found any since you have been here, my son?”







Much more than one would have thought.  
“So why do you now stay? What do you still seek to learn?”

You keep talking about some treasure and this has made me interested in learning more about that now...

“OH! I see?”

“My son, the treasure was...how do you say this in your language...it was a fairy tale. It was a fairy tale...do you mean a scam?

“Yes, that was the word that I was seeking.”

“My ancestors once lived in a monastery in the great city and they played this game with travelers and rude visitors, they told of a vast treasure from the dreamtimes that was lost in the great northern forests...later, generations saw that these travelers were infected by greed and lust but, they had (what seemed to the simple monks) vast amount of money which they would pay for the details on how to find the treasure...”

They were the original con men?







“Not in the way you think, they did not do this for evil reasons or for personal gains – as the monies raised were in the form of a donation to the temple...even the maps that my father and his brothers sold were not for their gain...all monies helped the poor people who lived near our temple. It allowed us to be generous but, not as the poor king that we studied the other day...right?”

Right...he was a special lot...so, if I truly understand that the treasure was a great story from many years ago that the greedy and those with damaged souls so sought to be true?

“Yes, my son! Now go home and the moral you already know but, do travel safe and never believe a story that is too good...It is most likely, what did you call it? Yes, it is most likely but another treasure scam...”

We parted on good terms, packed and left on the afternoon boat back down the river and to where the trains now run...









All the way back, it seemed that he knew us to be fellow scammers but, tried to teach me that their version was pure in action and our ventures were based upon the same greed and corruption of our customers... How could he have known?

- Emil























Living  
in the High  
Courts  
of the  
DREAMTIMES

**Emil**







































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Welcome to all fans (all five or so of you) of Emil's doddles and we hope you will enjoy this new catalog of Emil's available art.

Emil had other ideas as to what the title should be and even though, they were clever and not without merit; Charles (WWG's Financial Guru) won the final selection with the argument that we might create a new market for

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**Emil West** is in Singapore.

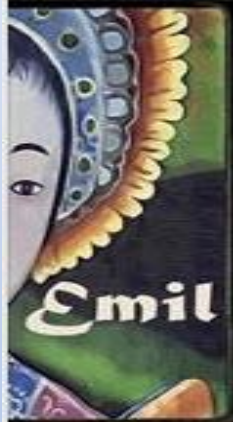
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Day Trip to Singapore...

With my trust Nikon F4s in hand and with only a single roll of 36 exposures...mostly due to the utter cheapness of WWWG... Story should be labeled, "Cheap-ass Trip to Singapore..." They didn't even give me a "one day" bus token..... [See more](#)

RIP TO SINGAPORE...



DAY TRIP TO SINGAPORE...



DAY TRIP TO SINGAPORE...



RIP TO SINGAPORE...



DAY TRIP TO SINGAPORE...



+13







**Emil West**

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